

babysitters club by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fluff, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-10

Updated: 2017-11-10

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:46:46

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,517

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve hadn't expected his high school life would come to this, not just that he'd end up with a bat filled with nails to fend off terrifying demo-dogs, that he would end up as a cab driver/babysitter for a bunch of kids. Dustin was one thing but in helping out one, he'd suddenly become the go to for favours from Hawkins own fantastic four.

babysitters club

"Yeah? That - That's a no," Steve laughs and that's how it starts. With a simple request, with Lucas asking Steve to chaperone him on a date with Max. It would seem simple enough had Steve not already been driving Dustin everywhere, picking him up and dropping him off at D&D, even giving him a ride home from school every now and again. Steve hadn't expected his high school life would come to this, not just that he'd end up with a bat filled with nails to fend off terrifying demo-dogs, that he would end up as a cab driver/babysitter for a bunch of kids. Dustin was one thing but in helping out one, he'd suddenly become the go to for favours from Hawkins own fantastic four.

"Come on man, you just have to drop us off wait an hour and pick us up. I'll get gas money from my mom," Lucas pleads and Steve would have maybe considered it if it weren't for the fact he wouldn't just be dropping Lucas off somewhere and leaving him. Instead he'd have to stay, he'd have to deal with Billy for an hour and that - well that was too much to ask. After all the pair of them hadn't talked really at all since the incident and Steve didn't really want to start now. "It's so uncool if I show up with my mom, it's just an hour. Please?"

"I'll think about it," Steve says finally, because really he does fucking adore those kids. Teaming up against creatures from another dimension kind of bonded you and it did seem like he had been adopted as the big brother to all of them. No longer was he the school asshole, thankfully that role had been swept away by one Billy Hargrove and Steve honestly didn't miss it at all. He liked that now he could be himself, he could do what he wanted and he supposed that meant being nice to the kids that he saved the world with.

The first date Steve chaperones Lucas to, he doesn't really see Billy. It's at the Hargrove household and when Steve arrives, the shiny blue Camaro is missing from the driveway. He almost feels relieved, like he's dodged a bullet - or in Billy's case a fist. Steve stays for dinner but stays out in his car, listens to music through the car stereo and thinks about everything he could have said to Billy had he been

there. All the what ifs and the ultimatums, all the possible scenarios that could play out with Billy hitting him in the face again or, less likely, Hawkins new resident asshole actually uttering an apology.

For the most part though, Steve is at peace. He's calm and content, even though he's spending a Friday night sitting outside of the Hargrove household waiting to drive Lucas home. He supposes Billy is at a party, probably already drunk and attempting to sleep with a random girl from their grade and Steve ignores the uncomfortable shift in his mood, the way his stomach almost fucking flips at the thought.

It's short lived of course, as Billy pulls up beside him the roar of his engine almost deafening. There's loud music blaring out of the windows, a hair metal band that Steve has heard before at parties but couldn't name. Billy has a cigarette pressed between his lips when he shuts off the ignition, his eyes bright and wide as he looks out of the open window and into the car next to him. Into Steve's car.

"Well if it isn't *King Steve*," Billy mutters with a chuckle, twisting his body so that he's still sitting in the drivers seat but has his arms folded against the door. "Stalking me, are we?" It's infuriating, Steve can't fathom the way Billy can act like nothing has ever happened. He doesn't let it show, he doesn't let the way his stomach twists and pulls have any bearing on his response. He composes himself, running a hand through his hair.

"You wish," Steve retorts finally, it's confident and honestly Steve is kind of proud of himself for saying it. From the smirk it seems Billy is too, like he'd never expected Steve to shoot back with anything at all, let alone something mildly witty. "I'm here with Lucas, he's here for dinner."

Billy only nods at that, uncaring and Steve can't imagine why Billy would have ever been bothered by Lucas being around his step-sister in the first place. Steve didn't ask either way, just turned back to his stereo to switch out the tape he was listening to. From the side he could hear the door of the Camaro opening and being slammed to a close again and Steve was grateful that the interaction was almost over. He'd fully expected Billy to head right inside, to not say much more but then he's there at his own open window. Breath hot and

stubbing a cigarette out on the side of his car. "What the fuck?"

"You coming in, princess?" Billy asks, not acknowledging the fact that he was being a total asshole and Steve, against his better judgement doesn't press it any further. He swallows down the lump in his throat and ignores the way his heart thuds at the close proximity between them and nods.

By the fourth date, Steve is entering the house with Lucas. He's sitting in the living room with Billy's family and he's waiting for that mullet sporting asshole to return home so they can listen to music and remind one another how much they hate each other. It's a set up that Steve has become rather accustomed to, one that has taken the edge off of their relationship - if that's what you could call it. Though Billy has yet to apologise for what he'd done, he'd more than made up for it by giving Steve free cassettes and letting him into his room. "Nobody is allowed in there, why the hell does he take you in there?" Max had asked and Lucas had made some joke about Steve being special and Steve tried so hard not to agree, tried not to be consumed by that idea. He liked the idea of being special to someone. Even Billy.

There's a tension when Billy returns home that night and signals for Steve to join him. It's something palpable that puts Steve on edge. It's not that he's scared of Billy, not at all, it's just that he doesn't know what he's going to do and Steve would at least like some idea of what it is because if Billy is going to swing for him again he'd at least like the chance to defend himself. Billy is silent however, distant and Steve wants to ask, that compassionate side of him almost winning out, but he doesn't really get the chance. As soon as the music starts, there is Billy, too close and not close enough with his breath hot against Steve's cheek.

"You tell anyone about this you're dead," Billy mutters and for a second Steve is stunned, unsure what it is that Billy is talking about because it's not like he would ever admit that he liked the company of Billy Hargrove anyway. But then Billy is pushing him back against the closed bedroom door and is kissing his neck, all wet hot open mouthed kisses with the drag of Billy's teeth over the skin and Steve

can't help but think of how funny it is that Billy doesn't want him to say anything while making a fucking mark on his skin.

Against his better judgement, Steve allows himself to relax. He melts into the way Billy holds him at his waist, hands strong and heavy. Steve lets his mind wander, to wonder what it would be like to have Billy's hands elsewhere. "Shit," he utters, feeling the blood rush to his groin as Billy's lips attach to his collar bone, fingers pushing Steve's shirt off to the side and holding it there until he's satisfied with the darkened colour.

When Steve leaves that night he's hard and he tries, with everything in him to will it away and think of anything, just anything that would stop him from feeling so fucking turned on. But the only image he has is of Billy, eyes blown with lust so dark and almost frightening, the sound of Billy's lips against his skin and the throb of his pulse under the mark on his neck.

The first time they go any further is on date nine. Billy hasn't let Steve kiss him and it's infuriating, because Steve likes affection and he likes it in the form of pressing his lips against someone else's. He supposes he can't complain, as Billy's lips make brilliant work kissing him in other places and his hands are perfect when they're pinning him against the back seat of his Camaro. Steve both hates it and loves it, loves the strength and the way Billy works his mouth over him with such expert precision - like he's done it a million times before. But he hates it, he hates that he can't buck his hips and Billy is such a fucking *tease*.

Everything is always pre-faced with the same thing; 'tell anyone and you're dead' but Steve doesn't really have anyone to tell. It's not like his bisexuality is something that is out in the open. He doesn't wear a neon sign to say that he's into guys, he certainly isn't going to go around shouting the fact that he likes Billy Hargrove. There it is, a realization he has when he's returning the favour to Billy - perhaps the worst place to have it - that he's into the man that's writhing and moaning above him and saying his name with such sweet conviction that Steve is sure it'll make him hard all over again.

It's what comes after that solidifies it, that checks his heart out as being Billy's, it's while Billy has a cigarette in his mouth and for the first time, he turns down the volume on the stereo - allowing them room to talk. "You put up a fucking good fight, Harrington," Billy says and Steve wonders for a moment why after all this time he'd decided to bring it up. Perhaps the blissful aftermath of a good orgasm was all Billy needed to not be a fucking douchebag. "It wasn't meant to get so out of hand."

"I'll take that," Steve says softly because he knows, it's the best he's going to get as far as an apology from Billy and Billy nods, as if in appreciation. Like he's glad Steve saved him the embarrassment of actually grovelling, after so long. Then Billy's hand is against his thigh and it's the most affectionate the other has been with him in the whole time that this, whatever *this* is, has been happening.

By date fifteen, it had become increasingly clear to Steve that this was less about doing a favour for Lucas and, more selfishly, about having time alone with Billy. The babysitters club that he and Billy had seemingly founded had divulged into an easy way for them to hook up with one another. It had become harder for them both to ignore one another at school, there was flirting - at least on Billy's part - and Steve could only shoot back with sarcasm to cover it all up. Billy was just being Billy, the way he'd always been only now it meant something. Now it was laced with promise for the weekend, when they'd be able to see one another again and Steve would be full of adoration and, well, Billy as the other rocked into him in the back of his Camaro.

Their locations were always so limited and Steve had often thought about just biting the bullet and inviting Billy to his house, to give them a little more time together that wasn't restricted or at the risk of being ruined by Max or Lucas. He just hadn't gotten the courage to do so thus far. It's after they've fooled around, when Steve is sitting a little nervous with Billy's head in his lap. He looks down, right as Billy blows smoke up at him and through it Steve sees that toothy smile that he he's growing to love and it shakes him a little, right to the core. "What are you doing tonight?"

"That depends, princess. What are you offering?" Billy asks, like he has a better offer on the table that Steve has to beat. He's not usually a betting man, especially not when it comes to love, or like, or whatever it was he felt because it typically didn't work out in his favour. But he feels confident, that Billy will agree because why wouldn't he?

"Parents are gone, there's plenty of beer and a pool," Steve utters, like the pool would be the selling point over his parents being gone because really that's what they need. A place with privacy, because Steve knows that Billy likes to get vocal and he could only be so loud before it became noticeable and typically that was when Steve felt a searing pain as Billy's teeth dug into his skin to stifle the noise. Billy laughs, that low hearty laugh and Steve is sure he feels the rumbles of it through the seat.

Steve rolls his eyes because Billy's laughter makes him feel stupid for asking, there's no words of agreement or disagreement but Steve takes the silence as a no. Until; "Leave the back door open," He mutters after a moment, like careful contemplation had made Billy realize that this was the chance they'd been looking for. No judgement, no wandering eyes, no possible way for anyone to catch them. It's perfect.

Really it is and Steve is shocked to wake the next morning to find that Billy had stayed the entire night. He notes the way his features softened in sleep, how his eyelashes fanned out over his cheeks - had they always been so long? Billy looks peaceful, content even and Steve can't help but feel like he's had some play in that. Even if it is by just simply helping Billy to get his rocks off.

The first time they kiss is that morning, when Billy sleepily moves closer and begs for five more minutes of sleep. Steve's hand brushes away the curls of Billy's mullet as he's enveloped by the others arms and he allows it, he lets himself enjoy it because he's not sure it'll ever happen again and then Billy's eyes are open, tired but almost fucking glistening in the low morning light. It makes Steve a little nervous but there's a hand at his back pulling him in closer and then Billy's lips are on his, all fire and force but it's good, too good. Steve rides Billy for the first time that morning and later Billy lets him know it's the 'hottest King Steve has ever looked'. Steve calls Billy an

idiot.